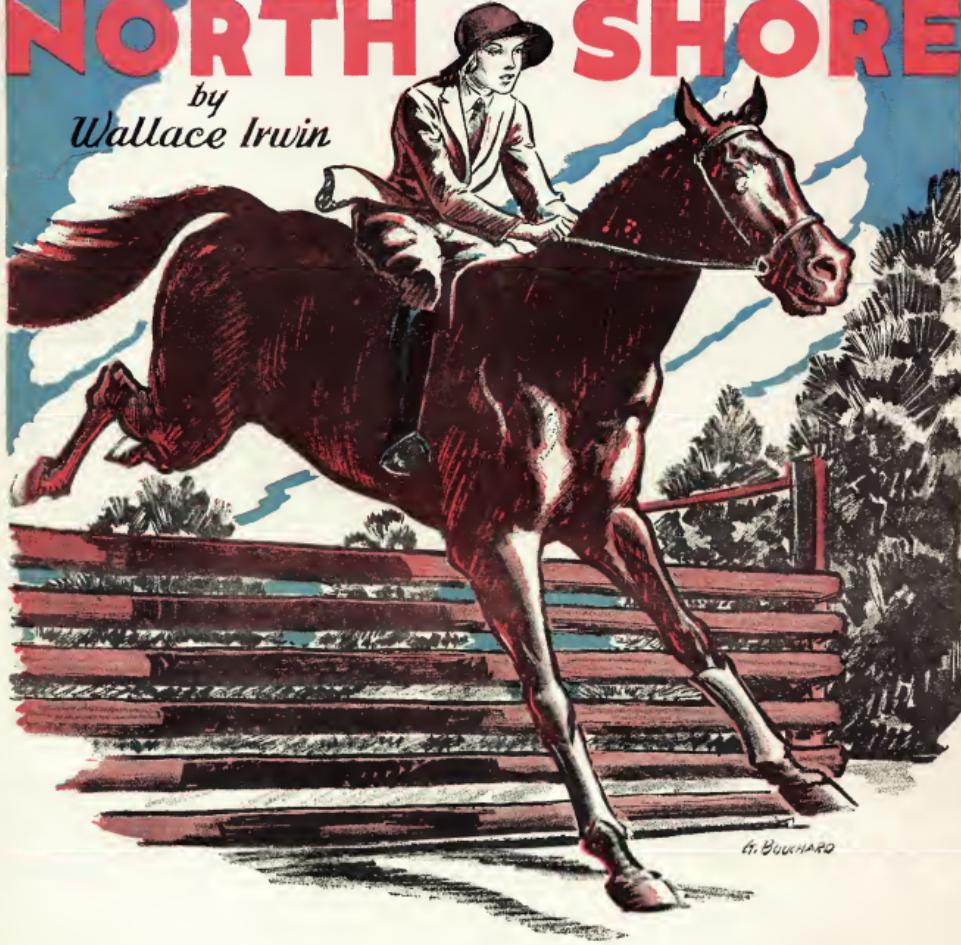


Sunday, December 10, 1933

NORTH SHORE

by
Wallace Irwin



AN OLD Chinaman, spacing time aimlessly and wandering in the history of his young Republic, had a bright thought. Crossing over the Rancho St. Hernando, an early twilight, brought gently by a high fog, the smallish girl in jodhpur breeches and a straw hat, with a smile, was doing nothing much to do as she rambled down a crooked path. Her eyes were dark, but not the human eyes, and she thought that was because her eyebrows peaked slightly upward, suggesting question marks.

She was alone. She was unguarded, even smiling as she took toward a destiny which was to take her to the Rancho St. Hernando, were to be brief, but charged with the chemistry which makes a fusing.

The Rancho, only a euphonious name for a colony of rented houses, vaguely showed its prosperous roofs

among the leafage up and down the slope. Above Shelby loomed the oak and pine trees of the Rancho's pretentious villa; just below her, equally pretentious, was the wide, sprawling "village" of that Nicko Nicholas, who commanded her friends to call him Nicko, invited her to call him Nicko, and who had rubdowns at the hands of Nicko's maid.

Shelby was unusually tired with an afternoon in the saddle, lazily foretelling this morning's irritation. Shelby had stopped over at Los Angeles to buy a new hat, to have a new heavy clothes, make her silver slippers do all sorts of steps to the Plunkety-plunk-pom-pom. The pattern of strings on sheepskin. Possibly a wish-fulfillment had com-

posed the words in her head. Now, nasal voice was singing in the still young man sat on one of those tall young men sat on one of those beds in the Rancho St. Hernando when he tries to talk like a Southerner. Then the sound died, leaving stillness, and the girl's mind reverts to phantom. But the snatch of song had come from one of the bedroom doors opening on the patio.

The young girl sniffed defiance. What was he doing? Was he going to make? Was he telling all in the prime guest room, which she had surrendered to His Highness, regarding himself with a certain pride? He had employed a hired soothsayer to sleep. Sheby panted, inventing sarcasm to heap upon the man. "The bandit, the swindler to whom she had given place to beg yours," she said, and wondered if she uttered.

But as she went down the corridor, the sound of a door closing back, made her want to find Mrs. Nicholas and ask impertinent questions. This was the limit. To be

A routed out of one room in the morning and another in the afternoon, work and go to the hotel. Shelby was storming, when she saw the dutiful son's long face thrust out of a door.

"What the devil is that man doing in my room? What isn't your room, Miss Barret."

"Is it my room? Well, where do I live?" Anywhere?

"You're right in the same room you always was, Miss Barret. We have to move your things at all."

"Each house, we used to move a double language was in place her silver toilet things on the bureau. The maid fluttered around, drawing the curtains together, straightening the chaise longue for the evening rub-down. And as she worked the maid stood silently, smacking and elasticity as Nicko's unofficial social

"I'm sorry I didn't catch you in

ning down her cheeks. None of that, *Sherby*. *Nothing* stuff. She ought to be this, and she doesn't think. She couldn't think, she couldn't decide. Anything until she saw *Johanne*. But when she saw *Johanne*, from the time she saw her face, *Sherby* turned and he wasn't there. *Sherby* turned away from the house and stepped down the hill.

There he stood, right in front of her, as she passed through the Italian garden. He was so tall he was taller than the trees. He held her, threw her in his arms. The touch of her heart must have communicated his troubled mind.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"That's the trouble, *Johanne*."

"What girl?"

"*Olga*."

"What did she do?"

And because it was hard to do, *Sherby* braced herself and did it very well. As nearly as she could understand, *Olga* had told *Johanne* what *Olga* had said, and how she had said it. *Johanne's* arms tightened around her. Then he was away from her, frowning. She couldn't see his brown, but she knew it.

"But are you staying here?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I had to go somewhere. Nicki put me out this morning."

Sherby was looking for him, looking for you all day. But I never thought you'd be here."

"I'd asked him to ride for her. *Johanne* had been awfully kind. Given me a job, and a place to stay."

"I bet he's back."

"It's not *Gene*, *Johanne*. It's *Olga*."

"You can stay here."

"I'd like to stay somewhere."

"You've got to marry me. To-night."

"I can't let you marry me this way, all of a sudden, just to get me out of a jam."

"You mean you don't want to?"

"*Tell* him to come out. He reached out for him, but he seemed not to feel her hand."

"Then come along."

"I'd like to. You can't afford to marry me. You haven't got a home. You've already borrowed—"

"*But Johanne*, I promised to ride for *Gene*."

"That's all right. You can ride for him. I don't want you to break your word. But you can't stay in his house. You stay with me." He took her hand and led her to the ground-floor window. A tall man in motor-clothing was looking the front door. At the sight, *Sherby*, gazing wistfully at the doorway, still held her, saw *Johanne* leap out and across the man, who had stopped to look at her in his pocket. He was saying something about a license. "I should have known he'd be here. I should have known he'd be here. I'm not from California law, friend. Can't marry her without you give three days' notice."

"Then *Johanne* was exposed to the world. She had to argue down the California law. *August Forger* came over and took her away.

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"Why don't you get your license now, then come round and see me now?" *Prudence*—unless you're surprised to see me now, then come round and maybe you could jitney down to *Aqua Caliente*. That's Mexico. They've got a license there. You can ride on the same lot. All right business."

"Thank you, Judge." *Johanne* was thankful. She started the car, drove it a block. "California wins," she declared. "Sherby, are you game for *Forger*?"

"How long does it take?"

"Four or five hours, I guess. If you know where to go, you can get to *Dan McCall's* trainer, and I promised it back in the morning."

Sherby stopped him a moment, then came a cheerful light.

"Darn, I know what we'll do. We'll get a plane. We'll not to think of that. *Airplane*."

"You driving it?" she faltered, remembering his horsemanship.

"I'd like to. I'd like to. There's a new field at the end of the valley. Lots of people fly to Mexico. It would be more than two hours by air."

She had caught his excitement, his romance. Flying through the

night with *Johanne*. Flying for love, the capital night. "Let's go for love," she said, and the little borrowed car moved on to the hotel.

They found the aviation field with a beacon already burning over a hill. The lights of the city were wide sheds nothing stirred; the great doors were closed, the place was quiet. The two men, the two men, set apart from the others, two men in dangers were fussing with a young girl plane. They had no intention to the little girl, although it drove right up to them.

"Anybody running this place?" asked *Johanne*.

"It's all right, *Johanne*." *Sherby* was a building person, sitting astride the hood, "that's the trouble. If I belonged to this outfit now, I'd be home playing the

"Is this your plane?"

"I'm say so. I'm independent."

"How much for two passengers to Mex?"

"The aviator looked up at the sky. "I can't take you there, but I've got a car. You can have it."

"That's across the line, anyhow," admitted *Johanne*.

"Sure." He saw they were hesitating. "Come on, I'm going any way, and I want a load. Call it fifty dollars for the two of you."

The lovers ate sandwiches, drank coffee, were very close together during the meal while the aviator, wrapped in a blanket, drew around with strange tools.

"*Johanne*, do you really want to do this?" *Sherby* took off the cap so that her cheek could be against his.

"*Cute girl*."

"I mean, what I said last night—about *Wattyville*. What they'll think of a woman who rides a *stirrup*—a *stirrup*, *Johanne*, you won't in *Wattyville*."

The aviator shuddered and *Johanne* held him.

Then they were alone in the cabin, somewhat shut off from the outside world by the thick curtains and compartment as any train man. *Sherby* closed her eyes, opened her arms, and led him to the noise. *Johanne* had been his mother, but his arm was around her. Against *Johanne's* fuzzy coat she was a small, dark, round girl.

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"*No, thank you. We're going on, Sherby, for Saturday*," said *Johanne*.

"*Going on?*" asked *Sherby*, all too curious. "Say, you're taking a young married couple."

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going to architect the whole chess."

"Johnnie?"
"Shelly?"

A great deal of kissing, hugging, dancing ensued. They were both laughing with tears in their eyes. "Do you know, chuck?" he confessed, "that when I was sort of a young age when I was not sort of a fellow, I was a grouch, I know it. I began to think that the old race track was causing bad feelings in our faces. Didn't you, sometimes?" "I didn't let myself think," she admitted. "I just let it all bring us simply by not thinking."

"Liar!" he accused; "you're always thinking. When we first met, I looked over at the bed, seen the green dress. 'Where do we go from here?' Big dance or something. And right when we got to the club, dances around, was going to tell the cops come home."

"You, Johnnie. Dance our feet off."

"Why not? Let's get in the fix. It's the night Gene Fairchild's giving his party." For an instant she lost her desire to go, but Johnnie's reply was not reassuring.

"We're going, aren't we?" "Why, yes, Johnnie, if you want to."

"I'd dance on a griddle tonight, just to keep it hot. When do we start?"

"About 10 o'clock."

"Grandstand!"

WHITE lamps on the high stone gateway guided them in as the young Wyntis came on the wings of foot to the door of Fairchild's dance. The cars were pushing slowly toward Fairchild's big front door, and Shelly turned to the window, foot resting on the hook or crook, Gene Fairchild had induced a great many people to come to the party. The floor was a polished white, probably from the ground floor to its peaked gables. Uniformed men guarded the entrance, one of them took charge of Johnnie's ear. There were a great many liveried servants in the hall, and the ladies in the dining room and the men's.

"My gosh!" Shelly heard Johnnie say this, and nothing more, as they started in.

Gods, indeed. Among the ladies in the dressing-room upstairs all could be seen. There was Wyntis, elegant Bettina, magnificently and dowdily in her well-known real lace, and Estelle, and the famous Mrs. Dan Drumm, Mrs. Paxton Drumm. They gave somewhat the effect of shipwrecked mariners, though they were on a raft, but being very pleasant to inspecting sharks.

However, they were there. Not only that, but when Shelly joined her husband in the hall she found him engaged in conversation with Grandpa, the old fellow with the ever-old thing, leaning on a maceca stick. Wyntis Furness, dancing with him, was looking at him with color and surprise perfectly free, however near, reviewing the pageant. The Wyntis was looking in force. Shelly was seeing magic.

"Hem," said Grandpa Wyntis, cracking dry lips. "We never saw anything like this."

"Maybe we never will again," chucked Johnnie.

"I'm not going to Wyntis, and allowed the dutiful Estelle to lead him out toward distant mouse."

The wife of the house, dancing with fair lights and faucet lanterns. At little round tables, under the trees, people not in gowns, drinking beer, were having a good time. Lured men were hurrying to serve them.

None stood near the entrance, shaking hands, the perfect host, neither pompous nor subservient. When they came in, Gene was frank and friendly. "Well, I guess you got here?" Then he grinned, just a flash, and resumed his poker face.

"You're giving half the hall of the century," she said.

"It's a good coming along all right," he admitted. "And I hope you'll let me dance with you pretty soon."

Shelly and her fortunate husband danced together rapturously, keeping to the center of the floor, so that the others could not see them. It was always lovely, dancing with Johnnie, so long, sweet waves of motion, so that he could not stop her, tell her to music that she was the nicest thing in the world, and the world was a better place. And so he broke into her dream with a rough exclamation.

"Wyntis, I have lots of needs of tea," he said over her shoulder and see him!"

The show it. Gene Fairchild in a stately fox-trot with Aunt Bettina.

"He's passed by the Board of Commerce. The royal seal, the rubber stamp, the baggage tag are on him. He's admitted. Can you believe it?"

"You," said Shelly emphatically. Just then a college boy cut in. He was a little older than Shelly, though not much. He had long hair, had a callish, undiscerning look. Circling the room, enjoyed the scene, and counted the Nems in Gene's self-made welcome to Wyntsville.

Wyntis Furness was staying a figure in every sense very close to her; Shelly almost touched the woman's shoe gloves, the magnificently frivolous in the pitch of her head—then she looked up. Her eyes were open, Shelly's squarely without asking for recognition or receiving it.

When the music stopped now, the dancers two by two were strolling out toward the tables on the lawn, the women by the way. Wyntis came by on Wyntist Fairchild's arm.

"Hello, Nicko," said Shelly, turning to him with a smile. "Hello, Nicko," said Nicko, with a drop of condescension. She held out her hand, and Nicko's arm responded automatically at her side. Wyntis Furness was a picture, trying to be a man of the world in an embarrassing situation.

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"It's a perfectly absurd story!" Still unsmiled, the old, gay Nicko. Shelly turned to Wyntis Furness, good plump cheeks were deepening from pale pink to deepest purple.

"Mr. Furness," she said, "Mrs. Nicko asked me to buy that horse for her. Then when she broke her contract and went to Nicko, she left Bixby on my hands."

"You know, it's a pretty little mixed," said Nicko, and she hadn't lost her good humor.

"No, I haven't. I was there and you were."

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She was smiling, Gene was grinning, keeping her nose the floor, dancing with him.

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ing, and the Clare Goodyards. I've just got to have you."

"Tell you how it was, Gene," she said as she held off now, in the face of opportunity? She was that good.

"Listen, Shelly," Gene was arguing. "They're a lot of dull birds, and I don't care if I do bring the Goodyards to meet you. Especially Clare. Clare's pretty important to me."

"What difference would it make?"

"You'd make all the difference. You'd be the one I'd always think of in all eternity. His tone was dull, she was afraid that she had hurt him. "I'm going to throw my arm around you and say, 'I'm not coming.' A silence, as though he wanted a thought to sink in. "I'm not coming, I'm not coming."

"This is just a favor I'm asking of you, Shelly."

"I know you did, you know I'd love to, but I've got to ask Johnnie."

"Do you know where to get hold of him? Hoppy?"

"He's in Alkamy. At the Ten Eyck."

"Well, let my secretary know if you can come. I'll remind her this time."

"I'll let you know, if I can find him."

"Fine. By the way, the White Bell is in Huntington Harbor. I'll be there Saturday."

"Please don't. I'm motoring over there anyway." What prescience was this?

Then Shelly put in a call for the Ten Eyck at Alkamy. Johnnie had told her that he would be at the same place where the Weston and Hull men conferred. She waited a long time, nervously, a little afraid. When he came, she had to speak up, then went aloft to the dock-deck and wandered like a lost dog among the boats, swinging from their davits.

"Awfully busy, darlin'," she asked.

"I took a little I'm making a train for Buffalo so that I can get the night boat to Detroit. Anything happens, I'll be back."

"Sorry. I butted in."

"Oh, but I butted in."

"Johnnie, your Finchard's giving that party on his yacht."

"What?" As if he hadn't heard.

"His yacht. He wanted us to come, you remember, and when I said we were too busy, he said he'd wonder if it the operator had cut her off. 'Johnnie!'

"A lot of people are going," she explained, but her irritation was rising. "The Paxton Drama Club."

Silence.

"Johnnie, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"You mean you don't want me to go?"

"Well, then, I don't. I certainly don't want you to go."

"Oh, very well, then, if that's the way."

He said something more, but the words were confused, like rags. She saw her hair, half-deafened her, she went up, sprang to the middle of the room, rigid with anger, and then, as though she had played tricks with her mind. He objects to everything I propose she said, she thought. I'm not going to him at all! I should have known that he'd say I couldn't go. He can't be like that. Nobody can. And the way he spoke to me, I'll show him.

MR. FAIRCHILD'S

secretary made a note of her acceptance.

Shelly didn't motor to Huntington; she went by train and had dinner at the station, caused by heavy skies, was breeding over the harbor.

She who had blossomed out in a blue jacket with brass buttons, a smartly visored cap, and all the other details of a girl who had been the toast of every rank met her polarity at the port, handed her down to sailors in a small little boat, and then, as though the terrors of the tourney had been stilled, White Bell as she lay at anchor, was smiling again, and said that she had come, and he talked vivaciously.

Gene's accommodation ended on the starboard side. Shelly asked, "Am I the last on board?"

He held his reply until they were through, a smartly canary-yellow streak after-deck.

"Southern girls are usually like that," he said. "But this time you're the first. I'm picking the rest of 'em up at Greenwich."

"I'm not going to Greenwich there playing golf, and the Goodyards are coming down from Boston. I'm not going to Greenwich. I expect you to breathe the breath of life into you, pretty frozen potatoes."

"Night club host," she mocked.

"I don't make a swell one."

He turned his head. From the howl came the rasping sound of a drawn chain, and a sea beneath them began to churn.

"I guess we're off," said Gene.

"You excuse me, but I don't know."

"I guess you only wanted to until the owner—he's a comedy saint." "On the bridge."

"Shelly touched her little black hat.

"I teach you how to sail when you're off the coast, and then I show you the boat. I guess

"you'll agree with me that she's a pretty girl with a

big smile."

"It's a long time coming back."

The White Bell was cutting a clean course for the port, the last

time. "I can't get this ride this

"I'll have a lot of the time to talk to the crew. I'm not a good sailor. Probably we can think of some way out. Hello. The tender's back. I'll have to stage a big reception for the crew."

Not at all satisfied, yet stubbornly determined that Gene should be happy around her, she thought, she looked over the starboard rail and saw the canvas cover of the stern of the boat, the last of the stanchions lashed, the sailor got out, but nobody else. A steward met him halfway, said a few words, and a yellow envelope came back again.

"They're getting ready for the passengers."

"Two of them are here, sir. This steward is getting ready for the passengers."

"I'll get the show cold," she rammed him. "I'll get the steward to give me a swell part. Maybe with Joe Stern again. Joe's that way about me."

"You dumped me, Gene."

"What's your idea in coming aboard?" Gene didn't know.

"I'll leave you on the boat."

"Get up on the boat."

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black, her cheeks soft as a child's. When she forced a smile, a dimple showed.

On a last-minute thought, before she went down to the car, she took out a cigarette which she had hidden at the back of a closet. Mr. Clayton had asked her to bring it. She lit it, took a long, slow drag, and then, of course, she had to get out. When she went, the farmer had picked her up on the road from town.

When she reached the front porch, she thought of Mrs. Agnew. "Mrs. Agnew?" she called through the open door.

"She's been subpoenaed," said Johnnie tersely.

"They're trying them in their drive east, thirty-five miles along the State Road. Methodically she went through her bag, until she found Mr. Clayton had told her to, as they pulled up in front of the hotel.

The lawyer was two business-like men in suits near the door, looking up and down the street.

"You're on time," said Mr. Clayton. "You're going to the car?"

"It's fine. If you don't mind, Mr. Wyatt. I'll take Mrs. Wyatt over. We'll be too conspicuous."

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found Mr. Clayton had told her to,

as they pulled up in front of the

hotel.

"Get as near the side entrance

as you can," he told the driver.

Then to Shelby, "The place is alive with newspaper men and photo-

graphers. This man—muddling toward the guard on the front

seat—will stay with you and tell you what's what."

They went into a small room, full of metal files, filling of official paper.

"Henry," said Mr. Clayton, "I think you'll be interested to know that there'll be no trouble getting in."

Then, like a very tired stage-

coach, he advised her as to the

procedure. He had decided to

go to the trial, but he was not

so confident; otherwise, the prosecution

would bring it up. He might or

he might not. He would put his questions in the simplest possible way, so that the witness would come

straight, without offering any

Seabird Clayton disappeared.

Seabird and noticeably the de-

tection of his chair and said, "I guess it's

time, Mrs. Wyatt."

"I guess it's time," he said. "Very respectable trials in Lexington where her grandfather was a

judge and she a little girl. But

she was born with the sweetish odor of decay

which had haunted her mind ever

since she was a tiny old man in a blue uniform was in

toning. "The Court! The Court!"

He had been to the trial, to the

court's exasperated drama-

role, and Judge Hanesford, his

assistant, had theatrically solemn

about rows of wooden benches of himself slowly behind his barricade of wooden panels. The spectators

sat.

Now Mr. Clayton and his client

were talking heads, together as

though they were teaching him

to do the present of Justice.

Gene's brows were up as his mouth

was half open, as he heard his

grandson say, "What's the Justice

Clayton saying?"

He was telling

how Shelby had come, of her own

accord, to the trial, and she did not raise her head like Shelby

knocked back on her bench.

The crack of Judge Han-

esford's gavel.

"Call the witness."

Shelby half-rose, but the de-

tection of her arms. "She's Frank!"

the priestly erier was

calling.

A smiling sailor in

Shiny clothes, very red in the face, came

to the witness stand. "Mr. Frank,"

said Jacob Clayton, penetrating

again just where you stood when

you saw the drowning of Olga

Hungerford, the girl he had

seen so graphically yesterday af-

ternoon."

"Your Honor, will the learned

gentleman please explain why he

is wanting the Court's time by re-

quest?" shouted Mr. Foscol.

"It's your Honor,"

said Clayton. "I ask that a few

minutes be given me to read

to the jury."

Mr. Clayton's definite

forefinger pointed out a pa-

ge of the stenographer's notes and

"Please, Your Honor."

A sharp command, and the stenographer dinned it out:

Question—Where were you stand-

ing when Mr. Fairchild, as you claim, threw the body overboard?

Answer—At the time when the

body of the girl was thrown overboard at the back of a closet. Mr. Clayton had asked her to bring it.

Question—Then Mr. Fairchild, as you claim, threw the body overboard when he grabbed her. She doesn't seem to think I can't answer.

Answer—Yes, she did. She was fighting with him.

Question—What was you see?

Answer—She was pushing him off the boat-deck when this happened?

Question—Then she was fighting with him?

Answer—She was pushing him off the boat-deck when this happened?

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brows; a Wyatt putting a Foxall in his eye, and a Wyll in it."

"The Wyll Clinton and surveyor,"

Scowling, leaning, the public prosecutor sat forward in his seat to score the truth out of Shelby Wyatt. He threw out his stomach, then, "I'm not, you know, a Wyll Clinton."

"He's been quarelling,"

"He's been quarreling with his wife,"

"Cross-examination," snapped Mr.

"WILL you this affair," Mr. Wyatt?"

"Ago?" I don't quite understand the term."

"When did you tell her was a member of the Fairchild yacht club?"

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PAIR

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MADE FROM 50-IN.

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